PLATE 1 FRONT

unbound

NO

unbound

NO

illustrations, design, concept:
Sussex County Avant Garde,
Inc.

text, lettering, illustrations,
design, concept, hoodoo:
¡hey pedro!

for joy and saul

NO

NO

unbound

unbound

for joy and saul

illustrations, design,
concept: Sussex County
Avant Garde, Inc.

text, lettering, illustration,
design, concept, hoodoo:
¡hey pedro!

this little deck of ninety-six
double-sided "playing" cards is
actually an illustrated
storybook.

sort the cards in order
from 1-96.

step back; take in the view.

next, turn over each card
in place in order to read
the story.

repeat.

enjoy.

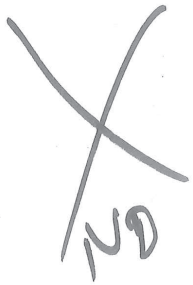
i

ii

iii

iv

PLATE 1 BACK



the agog trilogy:

there once was a man...
(2016)

...and so...(a not so "color me" adventure)
(2017)

unbound
(2018)

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Piltdown Man Publishing)

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PLATE 2 FRONT

as the day wore on

4

finally coming to rest like dew on the cracked wind shield of an ancient rusted out station wagon hunkered down and hidden in an overgrown forgotten pasture on the outskirts of the nearly neglected village

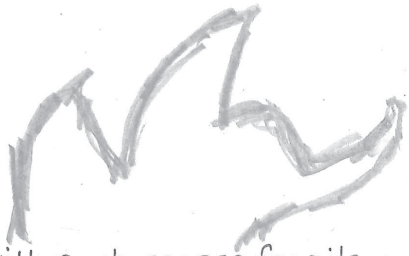
3

then drifted aimlessly over the half deserted little town

2

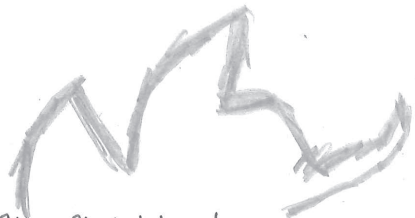
a fleeting thought occurred

1



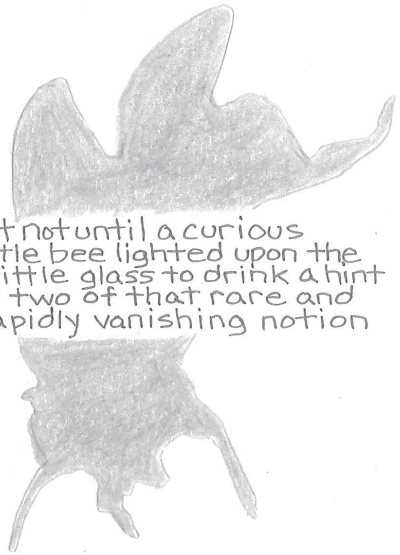
with each scarse fragile and thirsting new bloom she visited in that withered almost lifeless field she left behind a few inklings

8



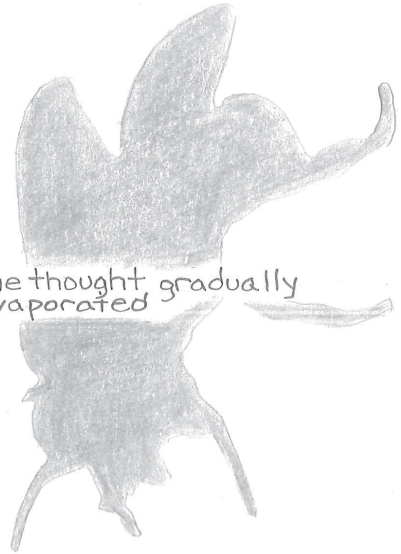
after finishing her meager snack she darted off legs speckled with a frail incipience determined to continue foraging for sustenance

7



but not until a curious little bee lighted upon the brittle glass to drink a hint or two of that rare and rapidly vanishing notion

6



the thought gradually evaporated

5

PLATE 2 BACK

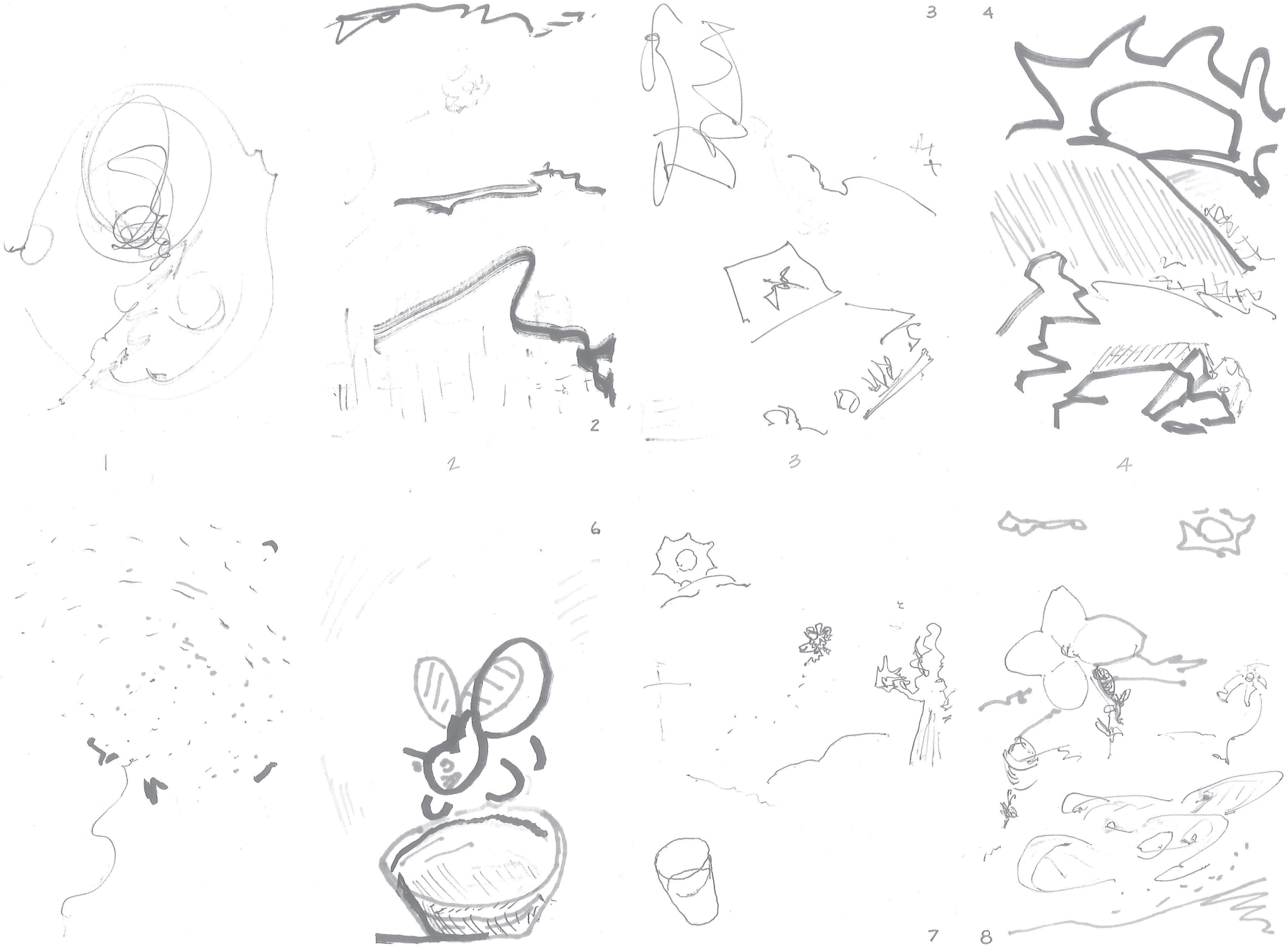
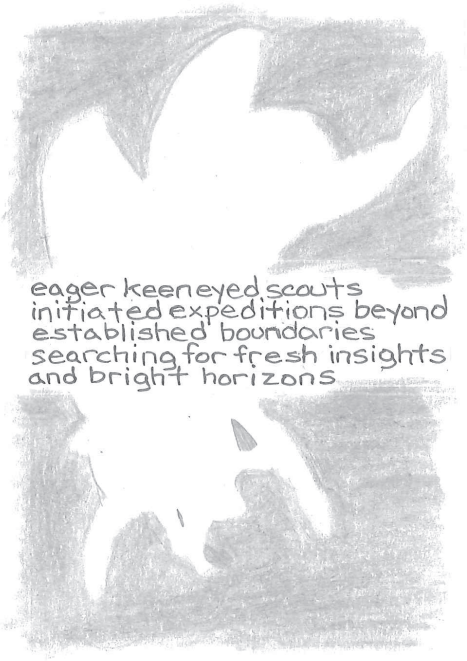


PLATE 3 FRONT



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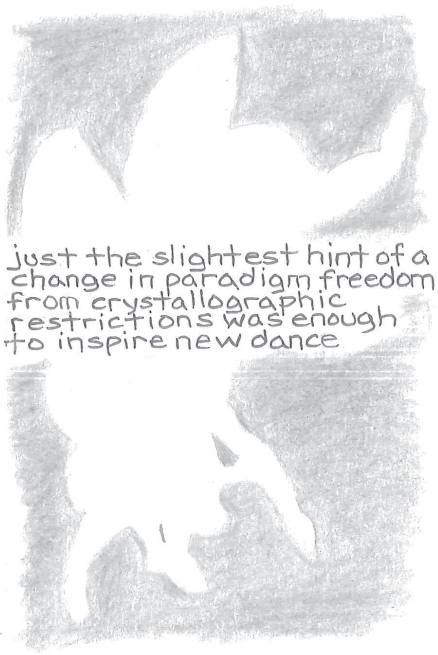

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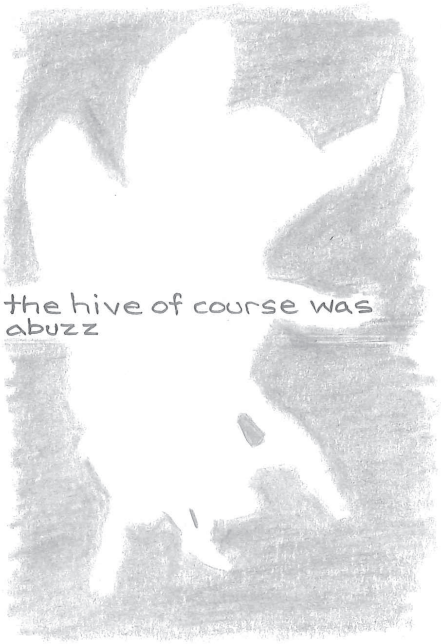

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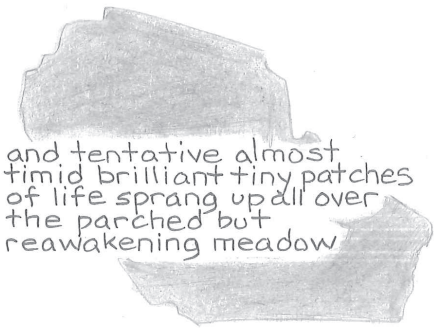

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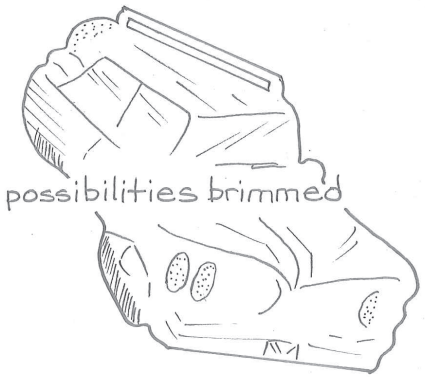

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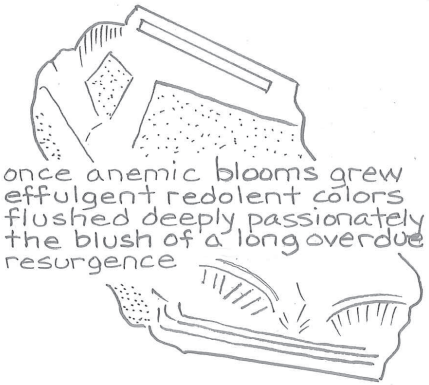

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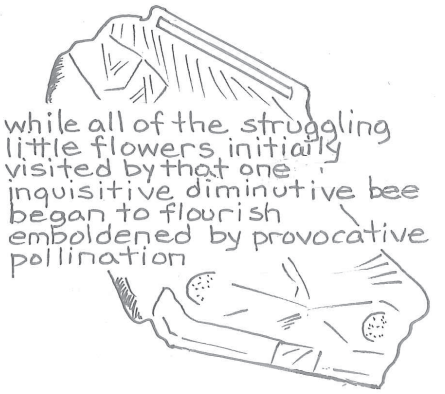

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PLATE 3 BACK

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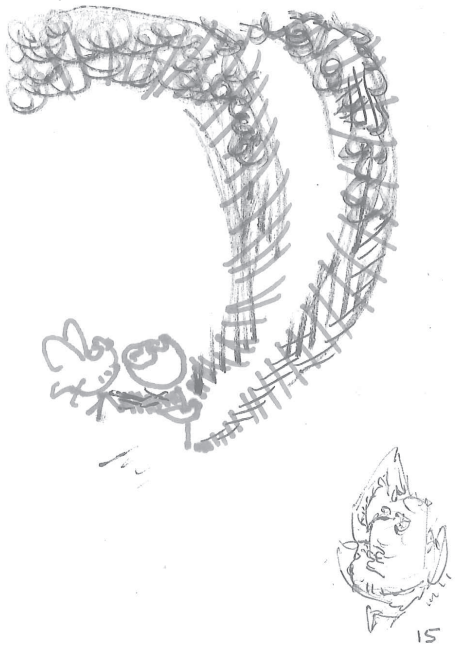

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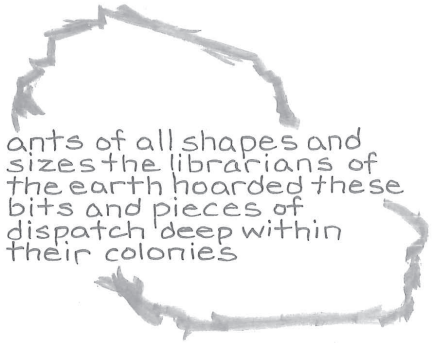
PLATE 4 FRONT



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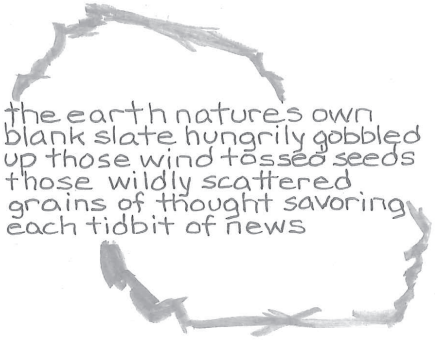

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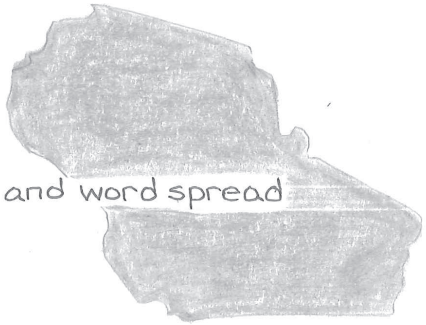

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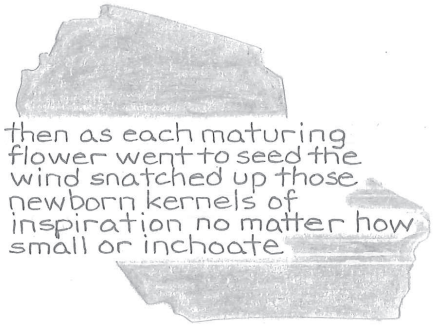

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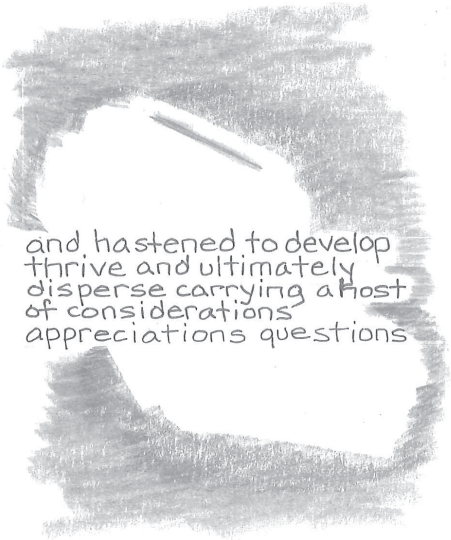

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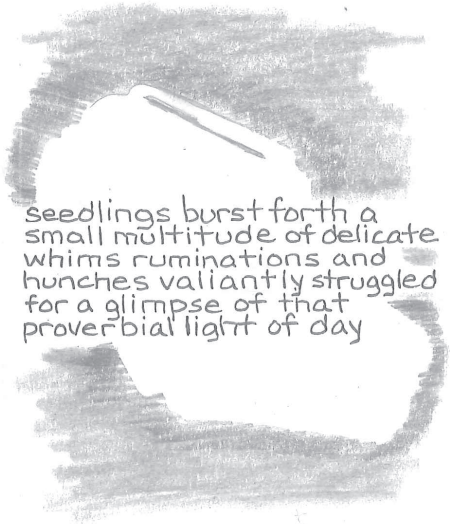

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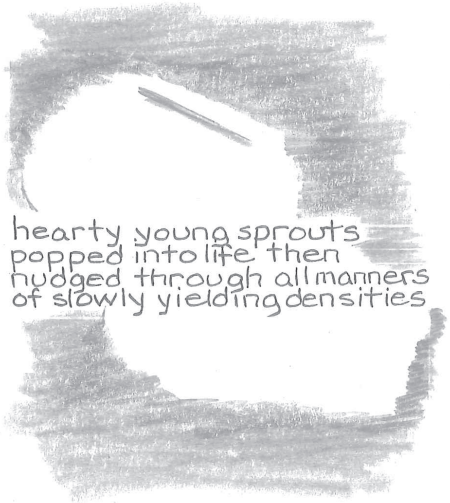

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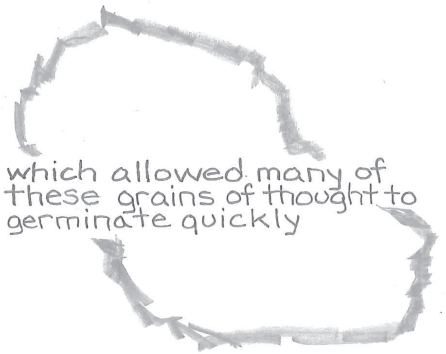

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PLATE 4 BACK

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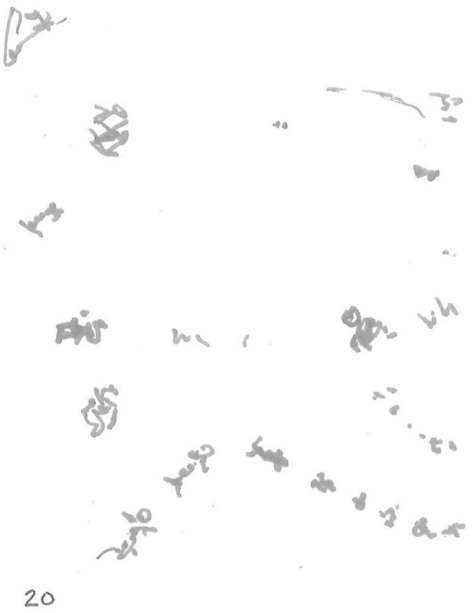

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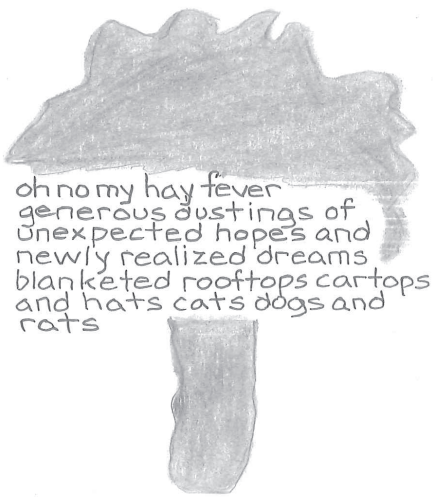

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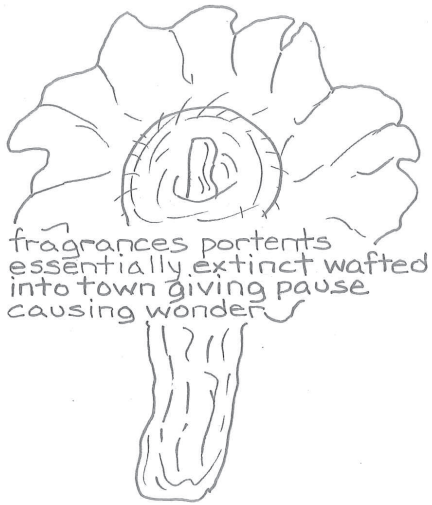

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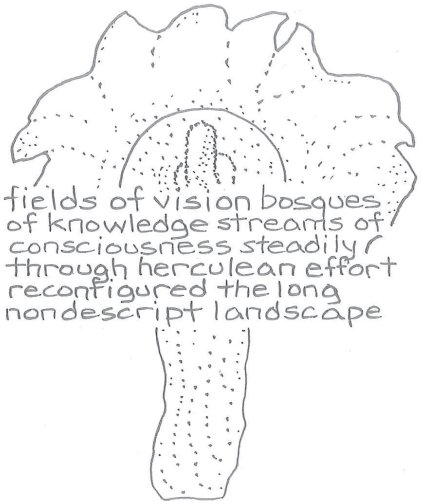

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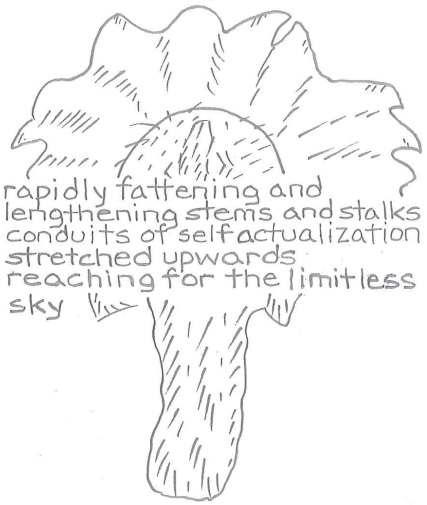

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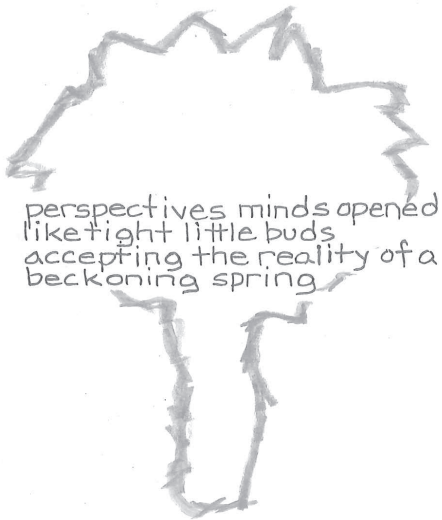

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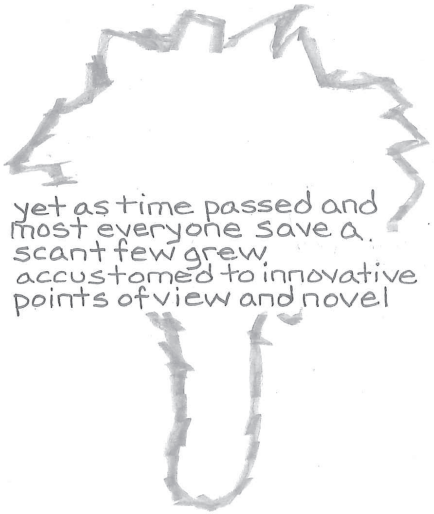

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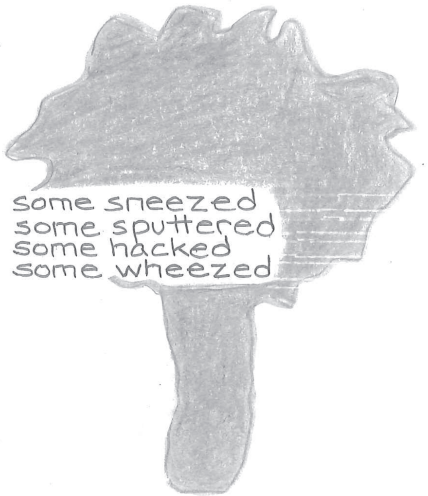

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PLATE 5 BACK

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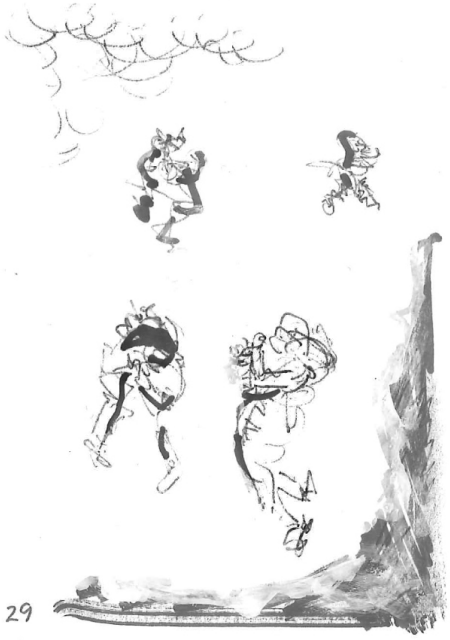

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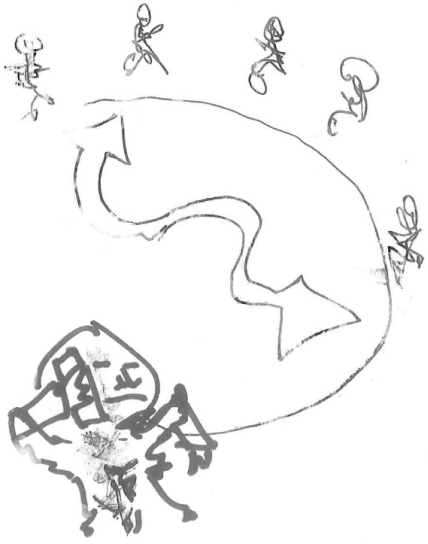

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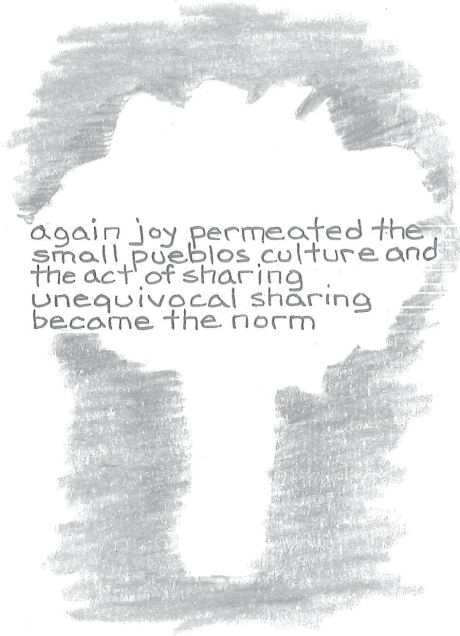

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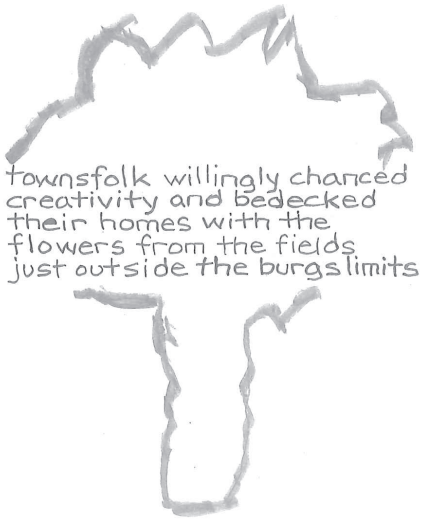

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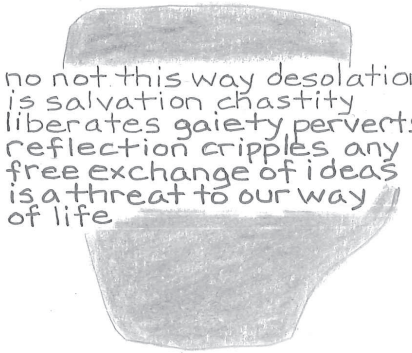

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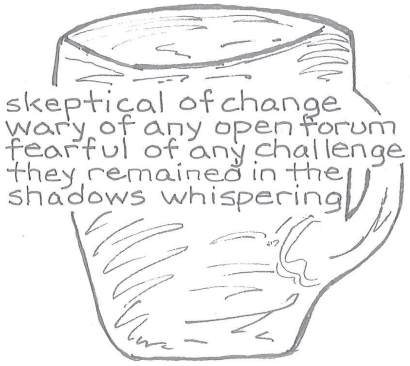

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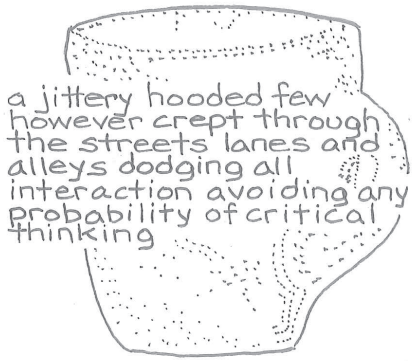

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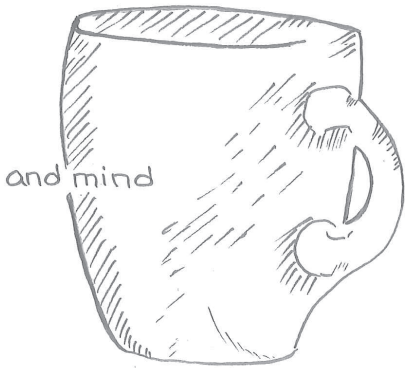

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PLATE 6 BACK

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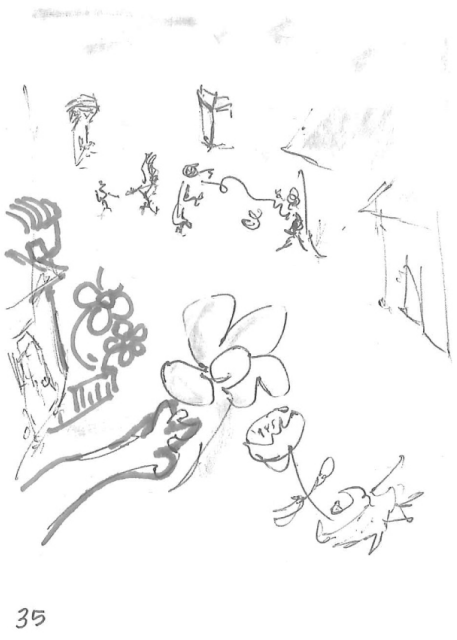

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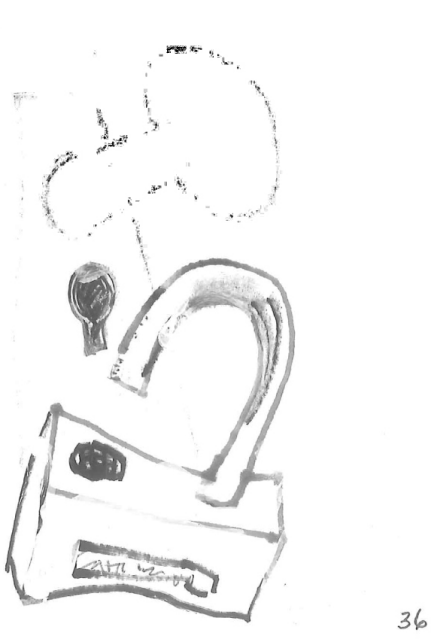

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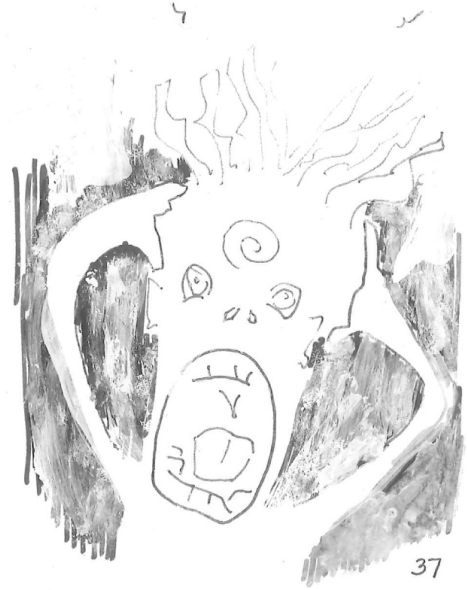

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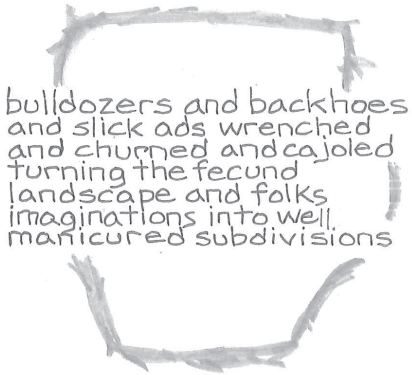

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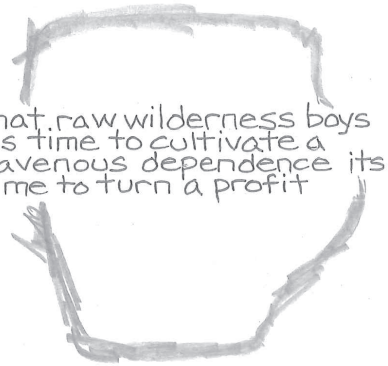

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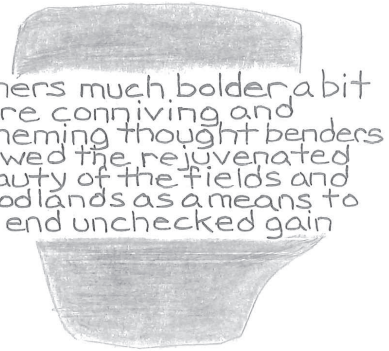

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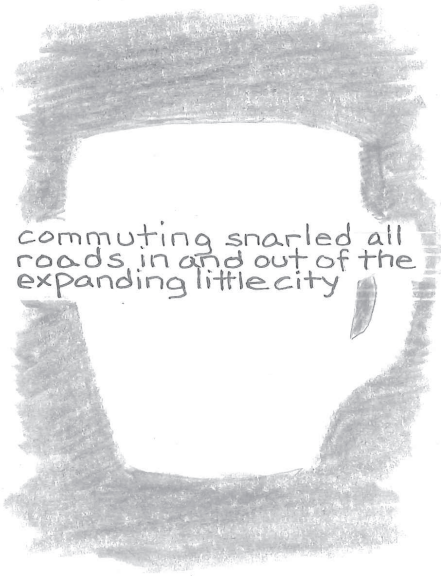

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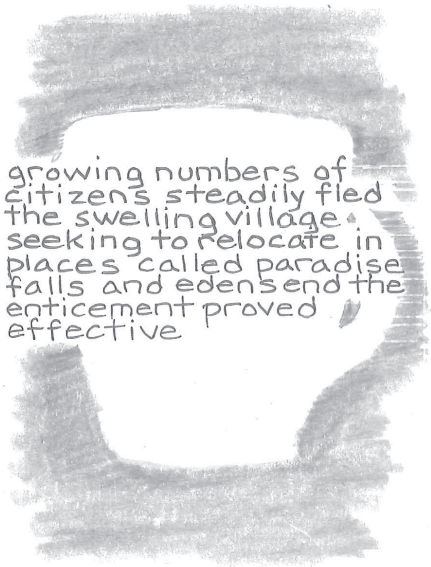

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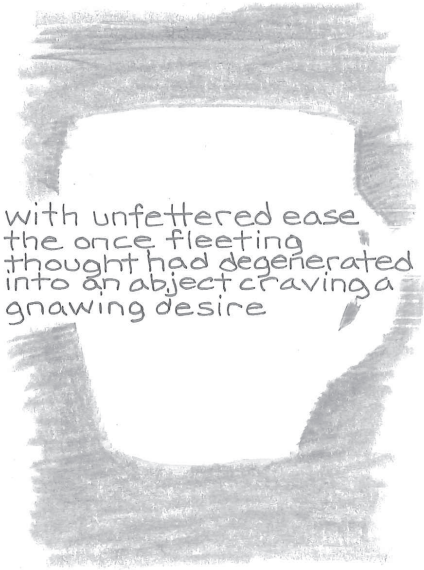

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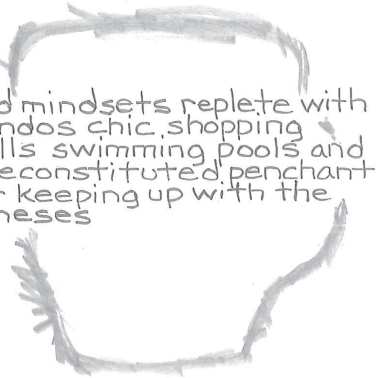

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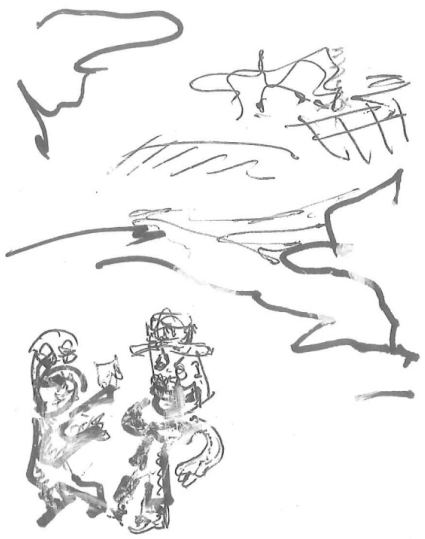

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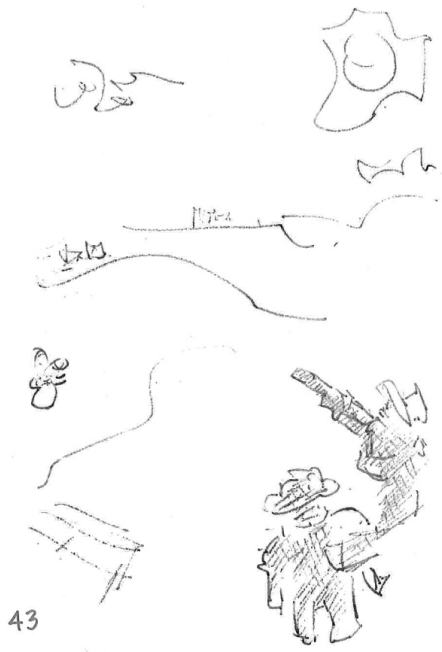

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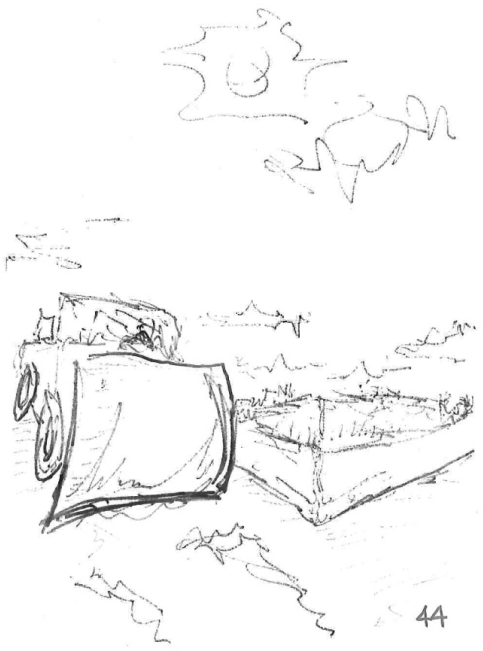

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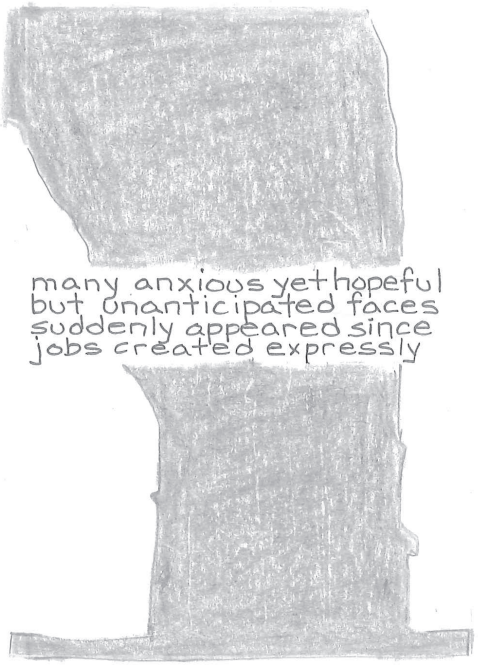
PLATE 8 FRONT



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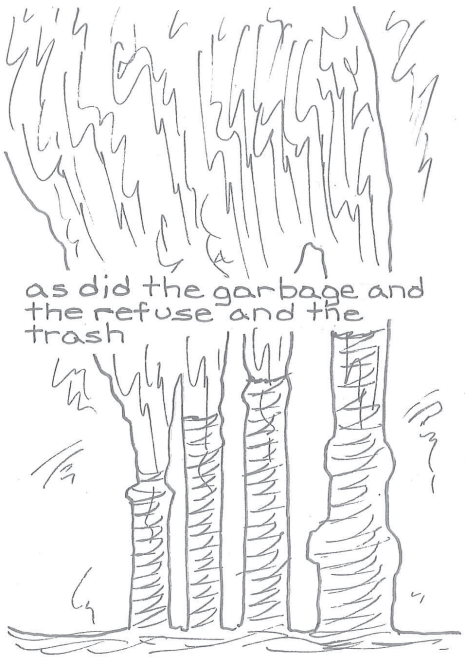

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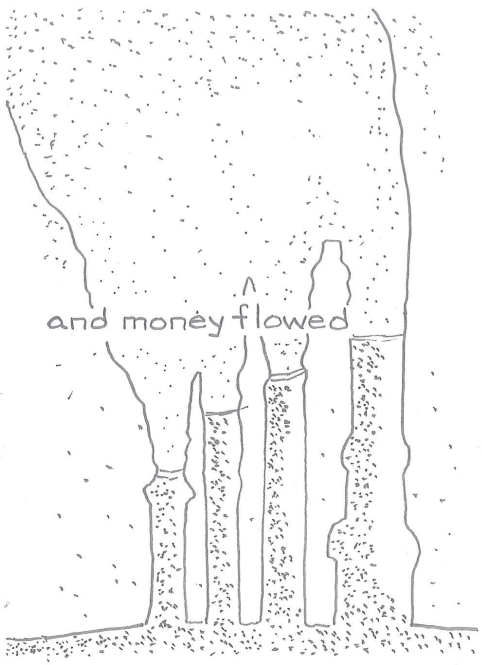

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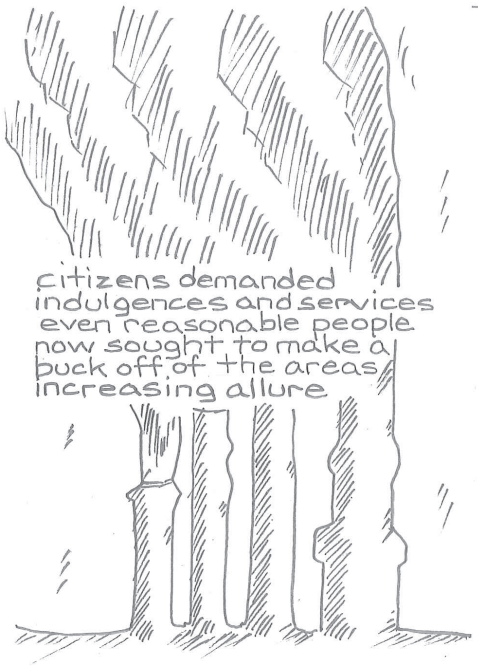

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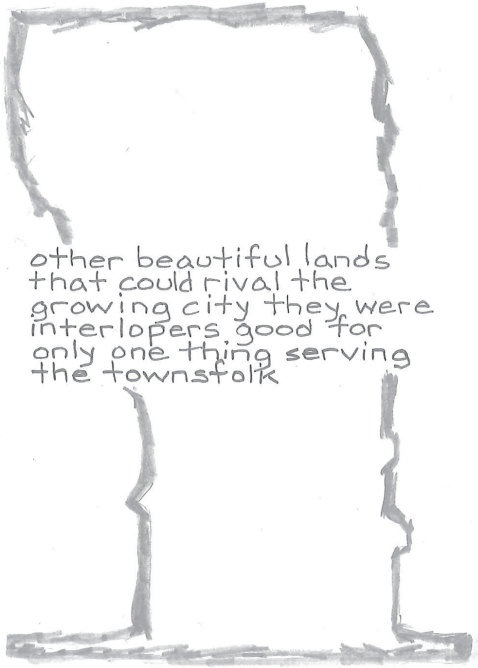

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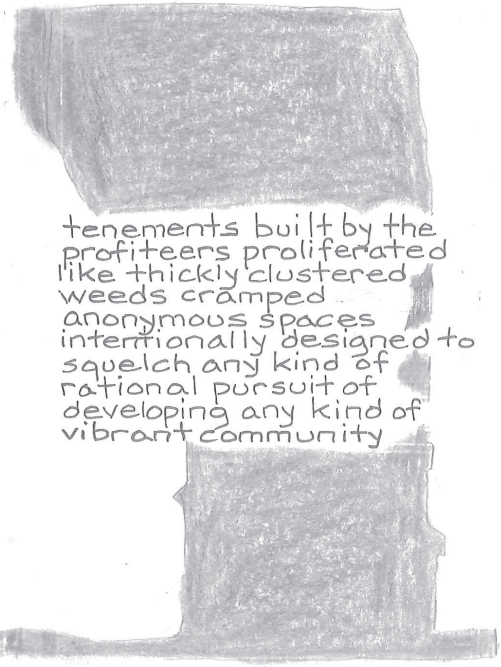

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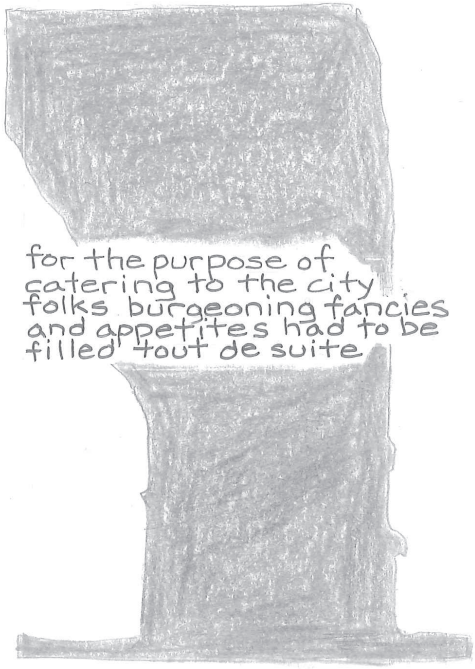

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PLATE 8 BACK

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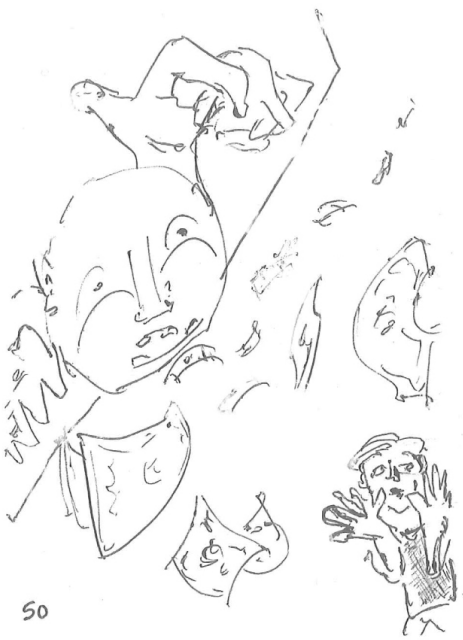

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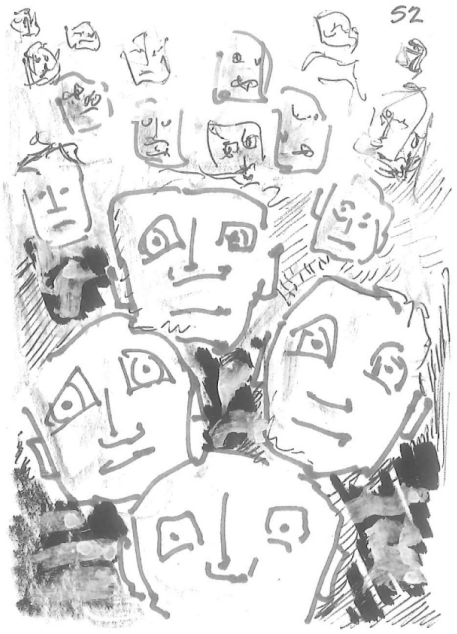

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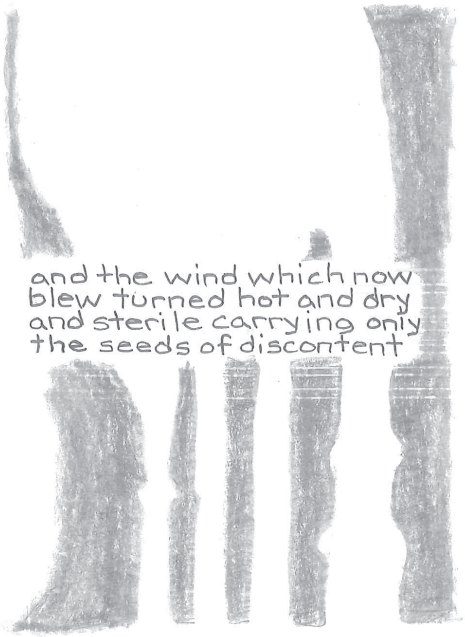
PLATE 9 FRONT



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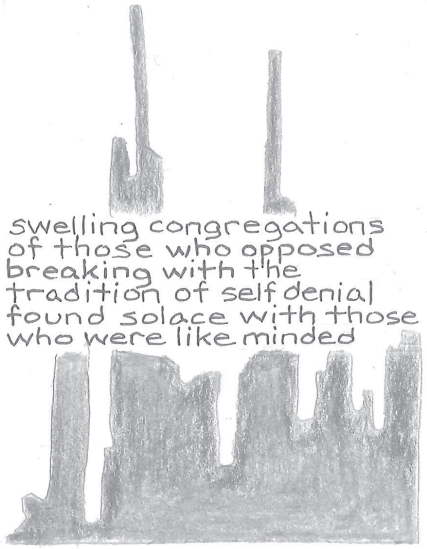

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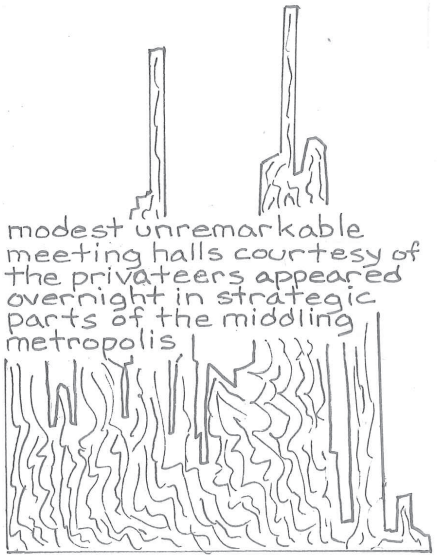

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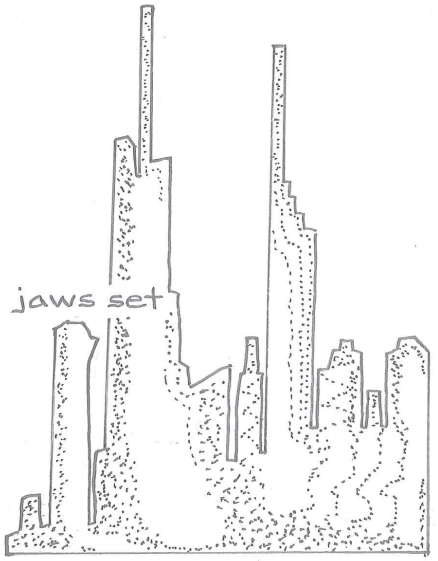

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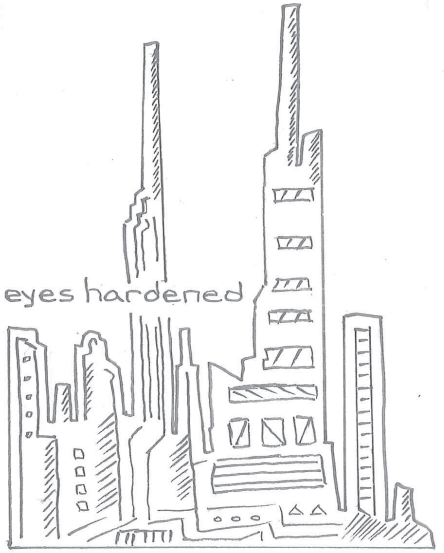

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PLATE 9 BACK
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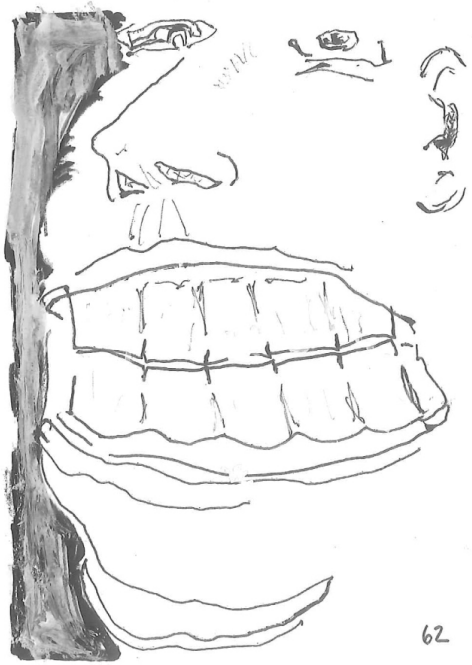

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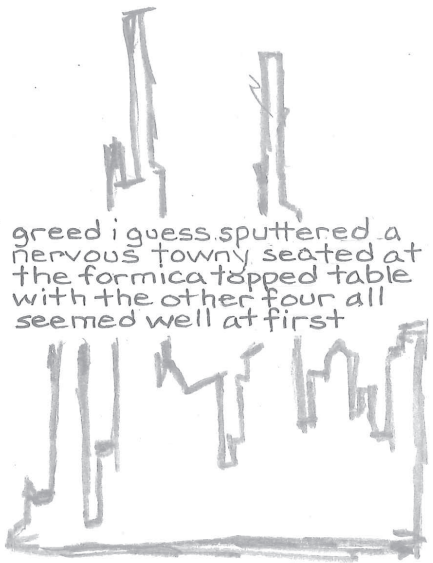
PLATE 10 FRONT



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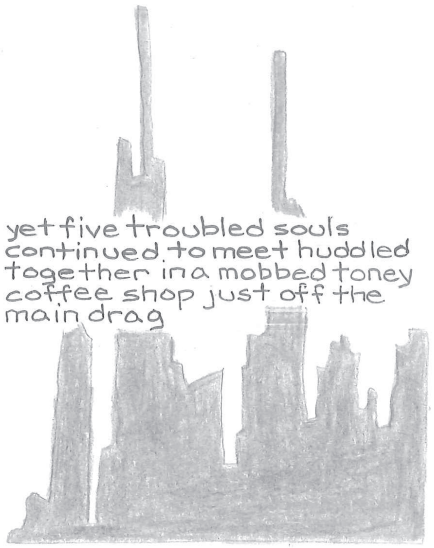

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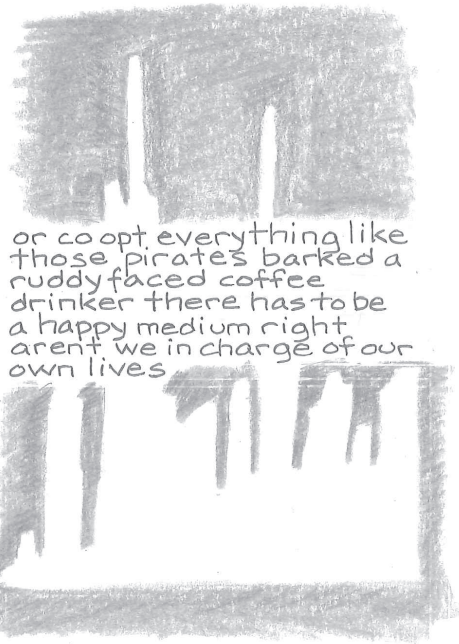

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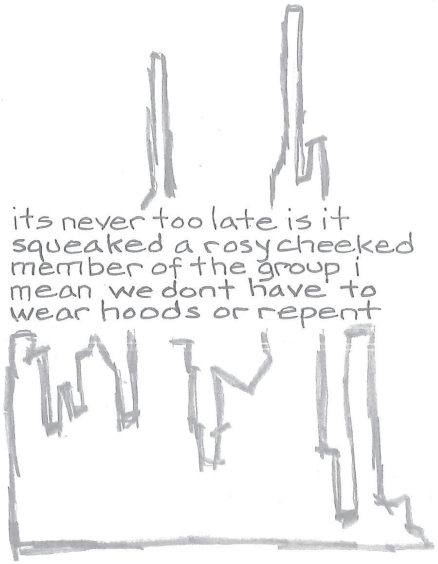

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PLATE 10 BACK

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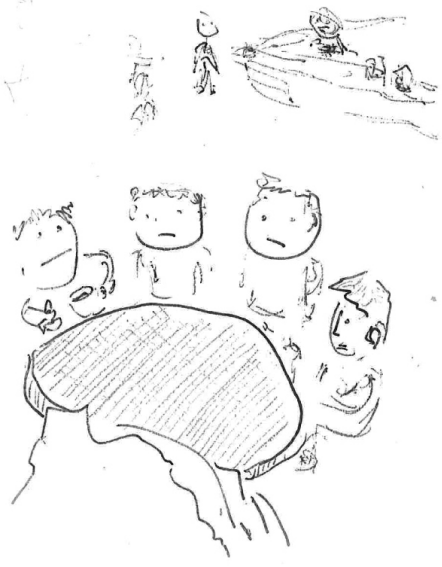

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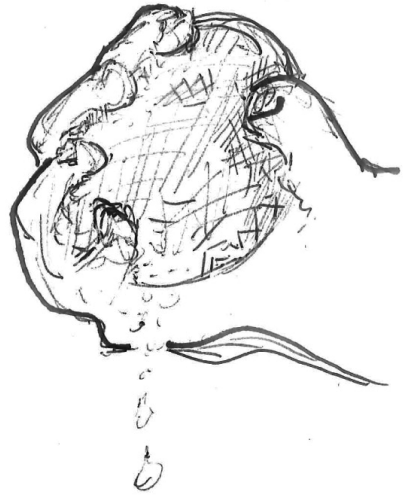

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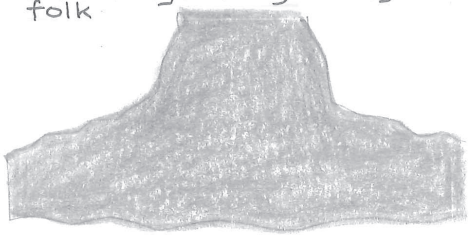
PLATE II FRONT

playing both ends against the middle the robber barons remaining staunch but silent supporters of the harness began divesting selling to city folk



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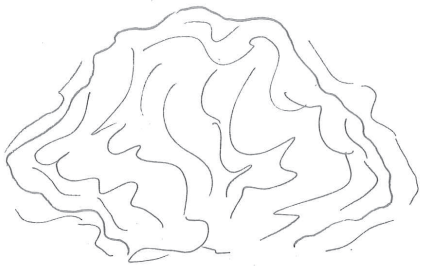
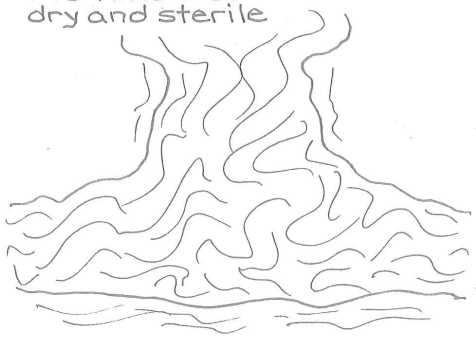


the wind blew hot and dry and sterile



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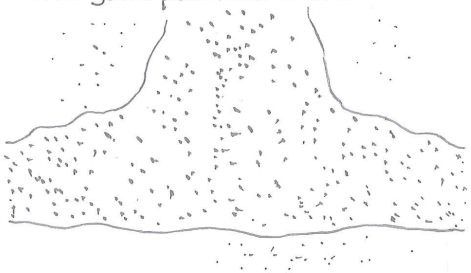
feeling drained and defeated the five conversationalists finished their cups of coffee only one had tea and exited the jam packed cafe



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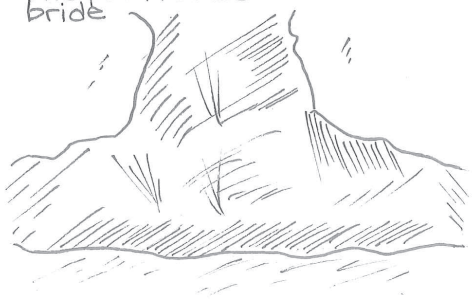
they sought the sweet pea yes but not necessarily the proffered mechanical bride



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local businesses nothing more than two dimensional strangled franchises dependent upon the good graces of corporate bosses

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banks and commercial infrastructure busy busy busy affecting all of the citys enterprises effectively making all

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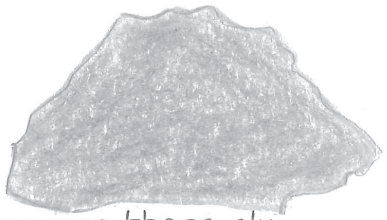
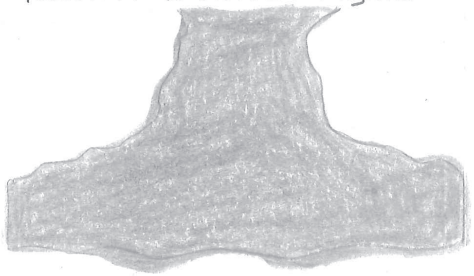


of course these sly brigands still owned all of the import export services warehousing facilities water rights



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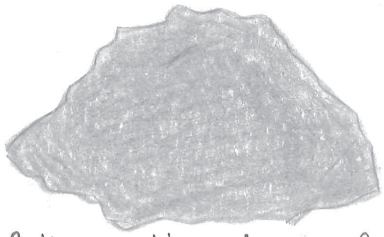

folk wanting pieces of the action in order to create the illusion of locally owned

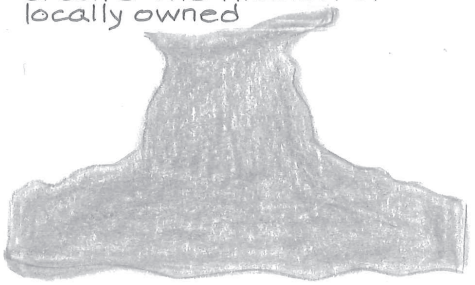

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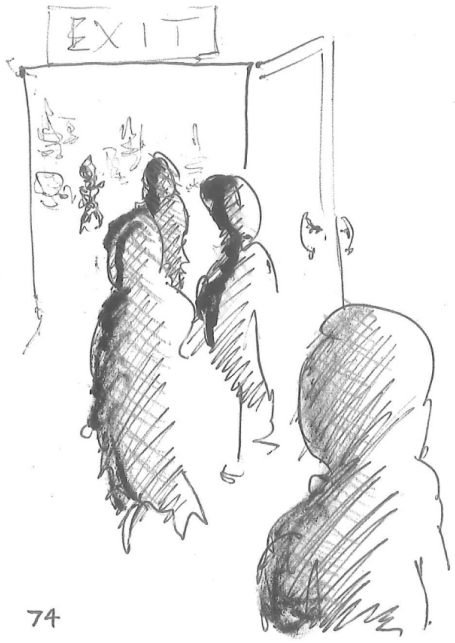
PLATE 11 BACK



73 74 75 76

77 78 79 80

PLATE 12 FRONT

into the hands of the deceivers

and the money flowed

weve been duped shrieked the once rosy cheeked optimist every last one of us

locally owned became a very lucrative and clever facade

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as did all of the hives

the collective soul of the once happily rejuvenating village collapsed

the air became foul and rank

flowers no longer bloomed

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PLATE 12 BACK

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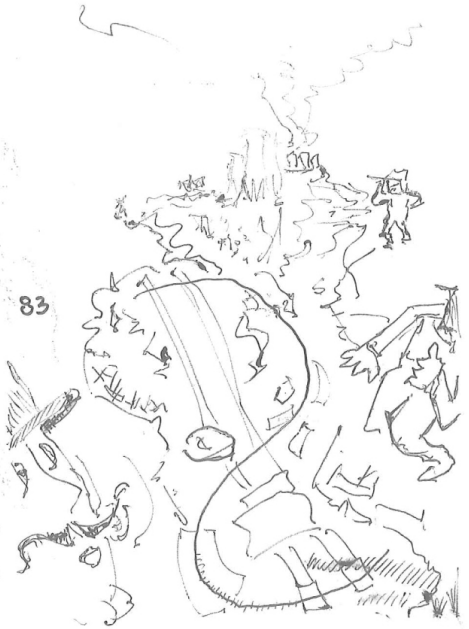

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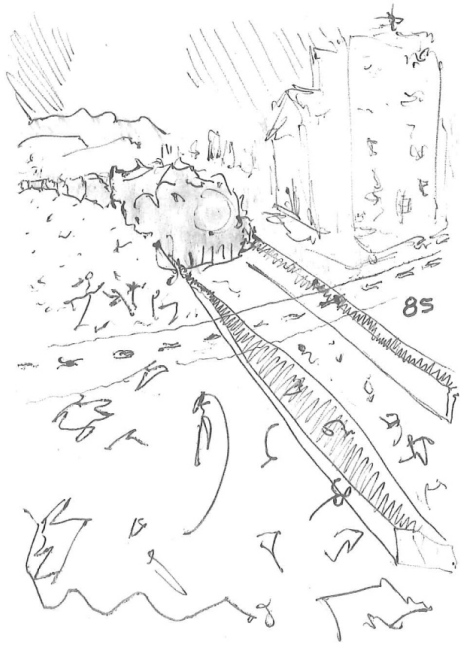

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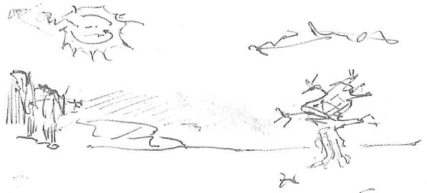

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PLATE 13 FRONT

the citizenry evaporated

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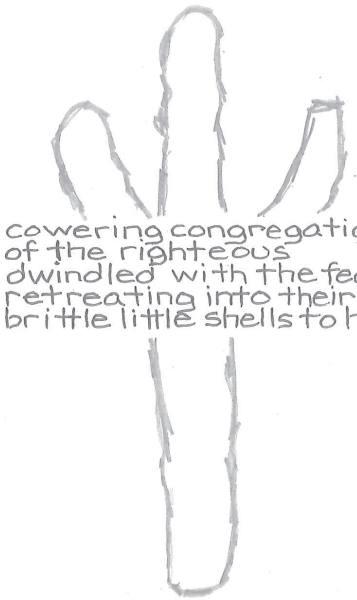

cowering congregations
of the righteous
dwindled with the fearful
retreating into their
brittle little shells to hide

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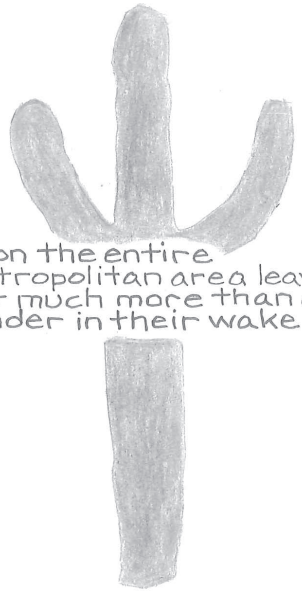

upon the entire
metropolitan area leaving
not much more than a
cinder in their wake

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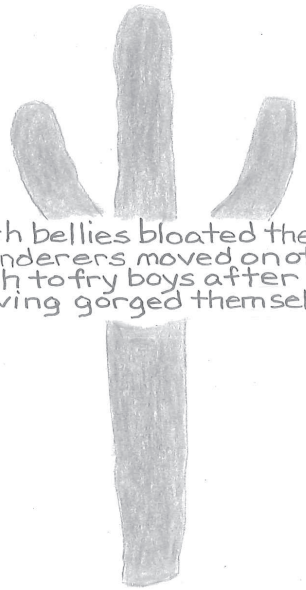

with bellies bloated the
plunderers moved on other
fish to fry boys after
having gorged themselves

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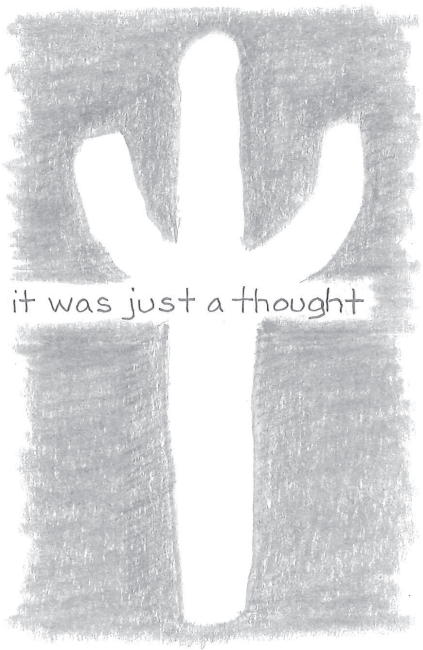

it was just a thought

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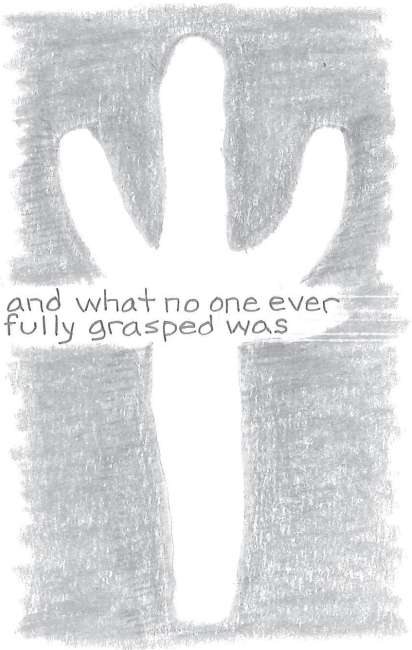

and what no one ever
fully grasped was

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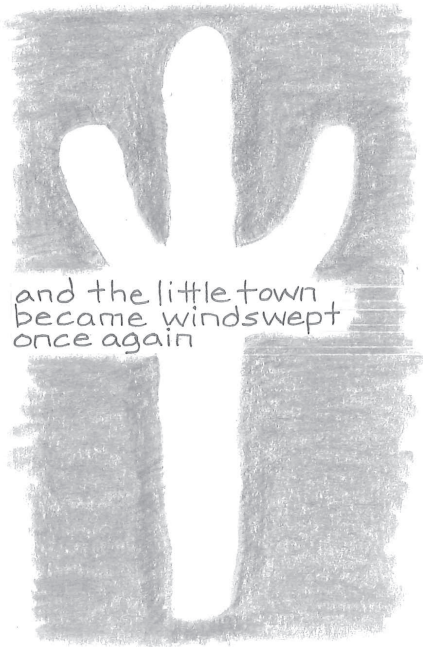

and the little town
became windswept
once again

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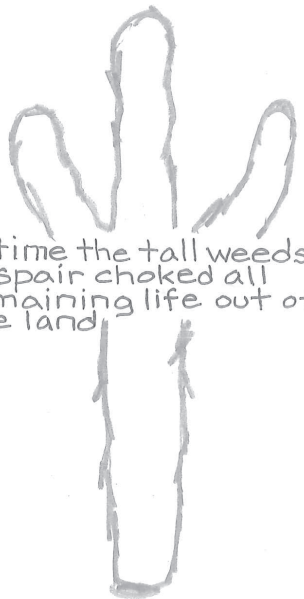

in time the tall weeds of
despair choked all
remaining life out of
the land

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PLATE 13 BACK

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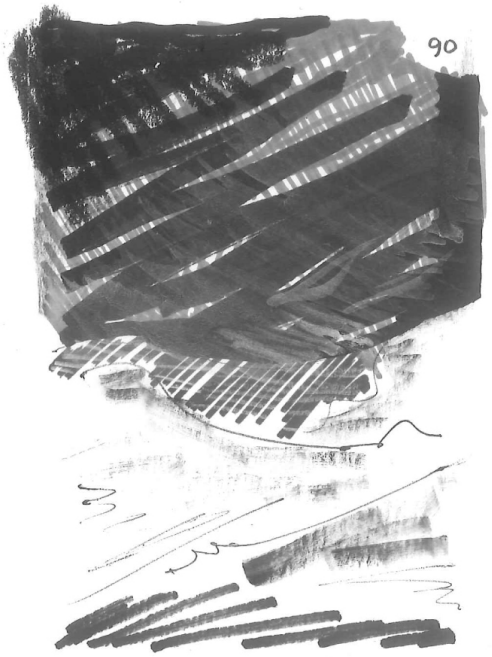

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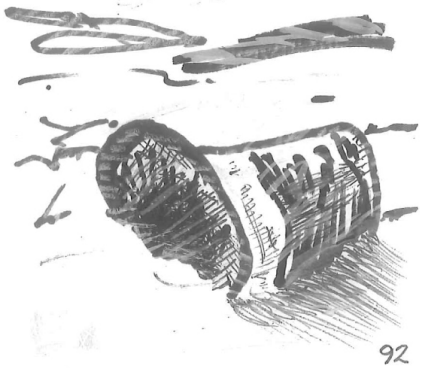

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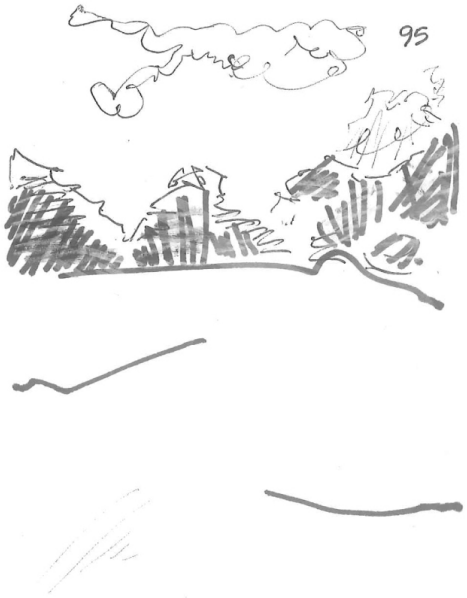

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